

The Gavelyte

12-1911

The Gavelyte, December 1911

Cedarville College

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The Gavelyte.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER 1911.

NO. 9

“The Evolution of a Man.”

CHAPTER 3.

Commencement day at last arrived. Father was there. We were taking a walk out the Center Township Pike. The smiling June moon was gradually climbing out of the East. The water of the old canal flashed jewel like, as the silvered darts piercing the fluttering leaves sparkled upon its rippling surface.

From along the waters edge came the croaking of the frogs and from off in the distant night, along the old beaten towpath came the sound of the tinkling bell of some farmer's cow as it wound its way out from the barn-yard gate. The whip-poor-wills were calling and the evening doves were cooing. All nature was crystalized into one peaceful rythm of Heaven's melody. My heart was filled with joy and song for I felt I had fought a winning fight. My own strength was my glory and temptations were now few and far between. Bewla would be home in the morning from the University. Thus life was full of hope and gladness the future seemed sublime.

As I thought, I said; “Father is life really what it seems, as you see about you the troubles, the poverty, the

greed—the seeming luxury of the few.” I have never forgotten the answer. “What you see is real but circumstances do not make your life. You can rise above your environment if you only so wish and will.” “What is there in such a night as this to make you feel at peace with all the world?” “I can not tell but I do know it is not of man. It is a whispering breath of something divine which keeps each heart tuned with nobler thoughts. Only those, who can see the beauty and feel the mysterious something of such a night, can rise above the common plain of life and soar to heights unreached before.” “Well Father why cannot all hear the call and feel the desire for something better and wish to climb to a higher life?” “Will, at sometime in the course of human life, the soul is awakened to such an ideal. That is what keeps the world advancing. That is why we have our young people in institutions of learning. Every student should leave the class room with an idea of a life purpose and a mission to fulfill. It is only they who put their work to the music of their soul—only they who continue ringing in the pure and noble thoughts of life that may win the prize. There is where the universities are failing in proportion to the small colleges to send out into the

world winning men. The Fraternities and Sororities are giving the impulse to life and it stirs the wrong music for a successful life. The reason. Will, I am objecting to you going down to the University next fall is because of this. Talking with a friend of mine a few days ago who has every reason to be in favor of the Fraternity and large University said: "Ninty-nine per cent of the boys that go down to the University are ruined." "Father I know a great many of the Frat. boys and and they are the finest sort of fellows." Among their number are the leaders in class and athletics." "Will, that may all be true but are they Christian leaders, or even moral examples." I could not answer. "Furthermore you will find the sororities and Fraternities the sole religion of their members." I did not believe it all and told Father. My plans continued and I entered the University in the fall, but I had re-resolved not to join a Fraternity. Beula was there and I thought life would be sweet. She was a member, and a leading figure, in the Cottage Girls Sorority, and, as we plunged into the atmosphere of University life, I found myself being shut out more and more from the society of the students. Beula begged with me to join a Fraternity so that we might enjoy things together. I was smart in the class room and Fraternity men were wanting me. Soon I found, that the politics of the University were just as rotten. As in any city ward. If you wished a standing in social life, in athletics, in literary contests, or if you wished to win honors of any kind, even in the class room, it was necessary to be a politician with a party behind you. The ostucism I could have stood if it had not been for Beula. So, listening to her pleadings, I gave in and joined the "Kappa Gammas". They and the Cottage Girls Sorority were pledged to stand together. In the Sorority were some mighty pretty and mighty lively girls. Beula and I were naturally leaders and in all the University life our "party" was the leader. All being "progressives" it was very easy to get what you wished. Having yielded once it was easy to do so again. All old desires and passions came back a hundred times stronger. I was no longer the fellow of six months previous. Now there were cards—the evening smoke and wine—I would not touch it—and worst of all the dance. To remain absolutely true to Beula became impossible. Her love no longer held me firm. As time went by I was less and less inclined to confide in her. The time came when I would leave the dance hall of the Frat house with another girl and go with her for a stroll or a row on the lake. One evening as I was sitting on the balcony taking a beautiful girl, Beula brought a friend of her's to the corner where they were sitting and pointing to me said: "There he is." Jumping to my feet I caught Beula, who would have fallen if I had not been there. But, pushing me from her, she fled sobbing to her room. Turning and entering the reading room, I found four boys waiting for the next dance. They had been drinking and as I entered one was saying: "Fellows I tell you Beula

Stinton is the prettiest girl in this University. Did you ever see such a beautiful face, neck and arms. I have five dollars which says that I will win her away from that young guy who thinks he owns her.

I knew I had been doing wrong, yet I had not the power to stop when once on the downward path, but this stirred my very soul. One blow and the speaker lay stretched out at my feet. Catching up a chair, I crashed it into the face of the one who stepped in my way and, turning in time, broke down the aim of a beer bottle. I rushed from the room only to come face to face with Father and the president of the University.

"Christmas at the Crossings"

JEAN BONNETT.

All day long, groups of miners and lumber jacks had been wending their way down from the hills to the little village at "The Crossings;" and as the snow, that had been falling since early morning, seemed to grow heavier, shutting out the world beyond, these men, numbering a hundred or more, could be seen thru the brilliantly lighted windows of the "Green Dragoon" saloon, standing before the bar or seated at tables engaged in cards.

Behind the bar, stood Mike Hoolahan, a big burly Irishman who was famous for nothing more than this, that he was the best mixer of drinks in the mountains, and, tonight, he gloried in this position as he drew from spiggot or flagon the glasses of sparkling liquid

that would send fire to the brain of those who indulged their craving.

In one corner stood a piano, around which were a dozen young fellows, who were engaged in rendering the latest songs, to the evident appreciation of the bystanders who, anon, stopped their conversation to listen.

Thru a door, leading to a large room in the rear, could be seen a group of rough miners, with guns at belt, who were watching intently a game of poker that was drawing to a close; and, judging by the boisterous conversation that now and then drifted out thru the open door, the end bade fair to be a pistol fight.

All at once, when, for a moment, comparative silence reigned, the outer door was thrown open and a big six footer burst into the saloon. He walked up to the bar and called for drinks for the crowd, then, when the glasses had been emptied, he proceeded thru the door into the room where the poker game was just ending. He walked over to the group and, without a word of warning, brot his fist down upon the table, shouting, "Is this the best thing you fellows can find to do with your money?" For a moment it looked as tho a fight were sure to follow but, as they saw that it was "Big Jim Armstrong" who had broken up their game, revolvers dropped back into their holsters and they asked, "Well, what's wrong now Jim?" "Nough wrong," he answered, then continued, "It's a bloomin shame for us to spend our money in this joint when, down the road a piece, 'Widder Piersons' is nearly dead tryin to get enough for her an

the kids to eat. Ye mind Tom, her old man got blowed up last summer. What do ye say fellows, let's get up a purse for her and give it to her for Christmas, it's tomorrow ye know." As he finished he took a huge rool of bills from his pocket and pulling out a half dozen crisp ten dollar notes said, "Here's my share men, come on every-one, get in the game." So saying, he laid his offering on the table, and at once, the piles of bills and coin that, but a moment before had been bet on a game of poker, changed places as those hard faced miners, with hearts touched by the tale of suffering gave of their hard earned money to swell the purse. "Big Jim" stepped out to the bar and passing his wide brimmed slouch hat, now half full of paper and gold, asked the men to help make it a decent present. By the time that he had gone around the room, the hat was heaping full, and when it was all counted it was found to amount to five thousand dollars.

Jim now took the lead and commanding all the men to fall in passed out from the doorway of the saloon, leaving the bartender cursing at the luck that had robbed him of so much money. An eager crowd, they marched down the street till Jim bade them halt before the door of the widow's shack. He struck a match and, by its dim light, looked at his watch, then said in a half whisper, "It's jes five minutes o' twelve, lets get up near the house and give her a Christmas salute. This the men did forming a half circle before the door, with Jim in the open space between, then, just as the hour

hand touched the twelve, he gave the word and from a hundred throats went up a shout that echoed and reechoed up the mountain side, "Merry Xmas, Merry Xmas."

For a moment or two all was still then the widow, with lamp in hand opened the door, and as she peered out into those rough faces, as they were outlined in the lamplight, she gave a little cry, half of fear and half of joy.

Jim now stepped forward and placing the purse at her feet said, "Here's somethin us men brot down to ye, so's ye could buy some Xmas presents for yourself and the younguns. We hope you'll like it." Then he opened the bag disclosing its contents, and as the poor woman saw the gold and bills, she raised her eyes to heaven and sobbed "Thank God, I knew he'd answer my prayer. Now the babies can have something to eat and some warm clothes."

The men turned silently and wound their way up the mountain to their various camps, poorer, but happier because the best in their natures had triumphed, and they had done a noble deed.

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WIT and HUMOR

Wit and Humor.

Smith: "Have you heard of the miracle that happened this morning?"

Jones: "No, what was it?"

Smith: "They arrested a deaf woman last night, and she recieved her hearing this morning at 9 o'clock."—Ex.

Bill—"When I called you out of your name yesterday, I was awfully mad. I got hot under the collar."

Frank—"I thought I smelled rubber burning."—Ex.

St. Peter—"Did you take your college paper?"

Student—"Yes sir."

St. Peter—"Did you pay for it?"

Student—"No, sir."

St. Peter—"First elevator down please."—Ex.

SOME WIND, THAT.

A southeastern wind hurled tumble weeds and Russian thistle through the air at a twenty-mile gale: the gait went, too. Many stoves were drawn out of the chimneys; the wind blew in at the neck of a bottle and blew the bottom out. Nebraska wagon tracks passed over the town by the thousand.

The strain on the wire fences was so great that staples were drawn out of the north side of the posts. A kerosene barrel standing in front of a grocery store was sucked out of the bung-hole and turned inside out, like a lady's slipper.

The dirt blew from a post hole in the hillside and left the hole sticking out of the ground about two feet with no dirt around it.

(Her husband called up stairs and asked her how soon she would be ready.

"I'll be ready in a minute and a half, dear."

"Oh, thanks! Then I'll be able to finish the rest of this book. There are only six chapters more.")

ONLY ONCE.

(A farmer riding on a certain railroad asked the conductor on a recent trip: "How often do you kill a man on this 'ere line!"

"Just once," replied the conductor?"")

"How to Kill a College Paper."

1—Always keep knocking on the paper.

2—Never contribute anything for publication.

3—Don't subscribe for a paper but sponge the reading off some one else.

Mother—"Why Bobby, why are you feeding the baby yeast?"

Bobby—"Bohoo! she swallowed my fifty cents and I'm trying to raise the dough."

THE LEXICON OF SPORT.

"Pa, what is a football coach?"

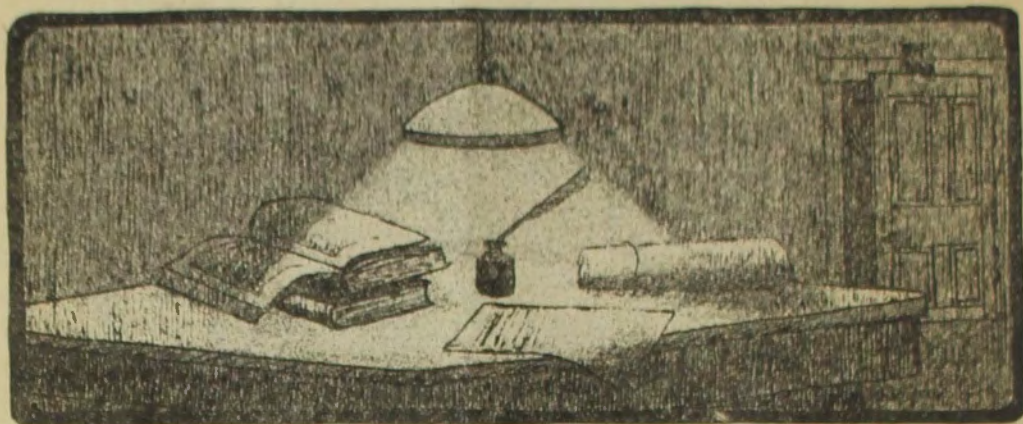
The ambulance, I suppose."—Pittsburg Observer.

Impatient teacher, growing disgusted "Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Bright student—"Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"—Ex.

Bub—"Father who was Shylock?"

Father—"Shame on you, Bub, go study your Bible."



EDITORIAL

The GAVELYTE,

PUBLISHED BY THE

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Cedarville, Ohio

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As this will be the last issue before Xmas, "The Gavelyte" wishes to take this opportunity of extending to all, Faculty, Students and Alumni, its best wishes for a happy holiday season and the safe return of those who go to their homes at this time.

With the annual recurrence of this season of festivities, we are reminded of that first Christmas morn. When, yonder on Judea's hills, was heard that song of peace, joy, and good will that announced to the world the birth of The King. May it be the desire of everyone who scans these lines, to extend the kingdom of Him who shall reign, not only thru time, but thruout all the endless cycles of eternity.

With the reading of the decision of the judges on the evening of Dec. 8th,

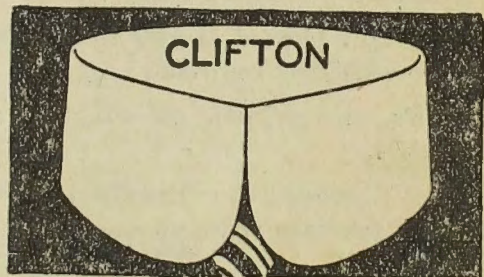
the tenth annual Inter-Society Contest passed into history.

By many, it is thought to have been much better than the one held last year. Certain it is, that the contestants did their best, not only to win the contest for their respective societies, but to do credit to the institution which they all represented, and how well they succeeded in this latter was shown thruout the evening, by the hearty applause that followed the giving of each production. One thing which was very noticeable to even a casual observer and one which speaks well for the high standard of training given in our institution, was the general spirit of friendliness that existed among the contestants, especially was this in evidence, when the decisions had made some winners and others losers, the losers to a man extending their hands and giving hearty congratulations to those who had defeated them.

If these contests have no greater result than this, that, added to the training that the participants receive, they develop that spirit of generosity which wants the best production to win regardless of who it makes the loser, they will be well worth the time and effort that has to be put into them, and we hope that they will be continued, always growing better until representatives from Cedarville College, especially Orators and Debaters, may be able to compete against and come off victorious over any college in the state.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has been holding its meeting regularly on every Wednesday morning and each meeting is proving both helpful and interesting. The roll is being kept each meeting and shows a fairly regular attendance. Prof. McChesney gave on November 22nd, the first of his series of lectures on missions. Given in his usual forceful and interesting way, it held the eager attention of the girls and they are looking forward with great interest to his next talk. The association is doing good work and proving a source of help and inspiration to all its members. It needs and deserves the sympathy and prayers of every girl in the association whether she be a member or not.



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Hugh T. (at Cincinnati): "Say fellows, if we cross the river into Kentucky, will they inspect our baggage?"

We're all made in the same mould, but some of us are mouldier than others.

Prof. Allen (in Bible): "Of what party was the pharisee in the parable of the Pharisee and the 'Republican?'"

Minnie S. "Never heard of it. Quite likely he was a Democrat."

Paul C.: "Bertha, Professor is sick this morning and his classes won't recite."

Bertha A.: "Bless his soul."

It is more blessed to give than to receive—especially criticism.

Professor's girl—one of the 57 varieties.

Miss Creswell: (in Rhetoric) "Tomorrow you may write an essay 'on a Horse.'"

This must have been an exceedingly difficult feat.

Miss Mitrury's most favorite way of expressing boy's actions: "You know men are so precipitate."

Hugh T.: "Joe, give me a bun-ham-sandwich."

Harry Bird departed for heaven Dec. 1, at 4:30 p. m.

"Heaven, Dec. 2, 9:30 a. m.—Birdy not in yet. Great anxiety."

Freshie:—"Will you tell me how iron was first discovered?"

Doc:—"I have heard say they melt it."

We read in the Bible of "divers diseases," and we suppose they are cramps.

"I'd like to make a date with you,

For figs I do not care,

Altho we really cantelope

We two can make a pear."—Ex.

A modern Jesse James has escaped the "Pen". Last seen on the Federal Pike. A 3 cent reward is offered for his capture.

Notice:—All spreads will be postponed until we make some money at Basket Ball. The girls have postponed three since the boys became busted.

Prof. Jurkat: "Paul, are you going to get one of those \$10 Basket Ball suit?"

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P. C. "No, I will play in my pajamas first."

Get a C. C. pennant. See them at Bird's.

Janet (after Earl had been pester-ing her): "Don't you know where to keep your hands."

Earl: "Yes, in a muff."

The club's remark: "You cannot live on love."

Earl: "Oh, I have been getting along first rate, so far."

Ila R. (reading in poetry class): "All my days are trances." ?

J. Earl looking at Miss Smiles, "Sparkler," said, "Oh, you are not the only person who can seport a diamend." The student body wonders who the happy recipient of Mac's diamond is.

A pennant makes a nice Xmas gift. See them at Bird's.

Jean Smith: "I'll be kitten hit."

Frances Smith: "I'll be pussy pawed."

Min Shas: "I'll be cat slapt."

Janet Garlough: "I'll be 't'abtowsled."

Hugh (in History): "The people were very ignorant in Europe during the 13th century."

Prof. J.: "They had no respect for dates."

Hugh: "Neither have I, Prof."

Nancy (in education class): "So many of the Spaniards were killed off by the aquisition—

Prof. A.: "I think you mean the inquisition, do you not?"

Harry Bird's revised edition—"Thou shalt not covet thy father s house.

Prof. Allen: "What is Paleontology.

Bertha A.: "A study of SHELLS.

S. E. Foster (attempting to answer one of Jurkat's stunners in History): A knight might be a noble, a noble might be a knight. All knights were not nobles, all nobles were not knights.

Class comment: Wonder how Snick worked out that well balanced answer.

H. B.—So many people te'l me my eyes look just like a girls.

Prof. Allen—I used to think women were superior in all things but now I have changed my mind Like Henry George, I am for men.

O, Professor! Professor! Your fearful trips, near done,
Your rig has weathered every jolt, the
race is nearly run,
Stormont's is near, the dog you hear,
the Senior girls are singing,
With Grace and Ernest telling jokes,
your steed is homeward bringing;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the chilling gleam of steel
Where in the road the bandit stands
By the buggy wheel.

O, Professor! Professor! Your money
or your life!
For you I wait this freezing night, all
armed with gun and knife.
For you this gun is filled with lead and
pointed at your heart;
Your cash I want and mean to have
before you dare depart.
Here Professor! Professor!
This gun beneath your nose!
It is no dream that on this road
A fearful bandit goes.

Professor does not answer, his face is
cold and still;

Grace and Mac see not the gun, they
have no pulse nor will.

But Grace's purse is safe and sound,
kicked underneath the seat,

With sudden dip the fearful whip falls
on the horse so fleet.

Sing on O girls and bark O dog!

But Bill with mournful tread

Walks the road the three left hot

As they frightened fled.

:-:

LITERARY

:-:

Inter-Society Contest

On the evening of December 8th, at the R. P. Church, Main St., was held the Inter-Society Contest, which has been so much looked forward to by the students and friends of the college. There was a good audience in attendance, and the contest was the best we have had. The victory was won by the Philosophics who took nineteen points of the twenty-five, leaving only six to the Philadelphians. The winners are as follows:

Oration—J. Earl McClellan, Philosophic
Debate—Wendell Foster, “

Declamation—Margaret Elder, Phila.

Essay—Wilhemina Mitray, Philosophic
Vocal Solo (male)—Hugh Turnbull “

“ “ (female)—Grace Beckley,
Philadelphian.

The Philosophics went wild when the results were read, and they had good reason as they will receive nineteen of the twenty-five dollars which is annually given as a prize by our good friend, Dr. Jno. Alford, and the proceeds from admissions will be divided pro rata.

The oration by Mr. McClellan and the vocal solo by Miss Beckley were especially worthy, and the entire contest was a great success.

Philosophic Literary Society.

The meetings of the Philosophic Society have continued to be characterized by their usual interest and excellence. Attendance has also been very good.

At the last business meeting Paul Ramsey was elected president, Harry Bird, Vice-president; Virginia Lowry, secretary; and Paul Creswell, sergeant at arms. The former treasurer was retained in office.

On Friday evening, December 8th, the Inter-Society Contest was held at the R. P. church. Although not as exciting as some former contests, it was of intense interest from first to last. All the numbers were given making the contest complete. Quite a number of people were in attendance.

We congratulate the members of the Philadelphian society on their honest efforts and the success which they achieved.

The time for the annual play, given by the society, will soon be here and it is expected that great interest will be manifested, and that a live, catchy play will be given.

M. C. Nagley

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